



VOLUME 51 ISSUE 05



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91 NATALIA FORREST





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LETTERSTOTHELQUNGE

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Dear The Lounge,

When my mate Janice suggested we went speed dating for a laugh, I really wasn't sure it was such a good idea. But after a few drinks and a dance I was quite looking forward to it, even though I've got a boyfriend.

The first few guys who came over for a five minute chat were either thick, ego-maniacs or had bad body odour, so when this handsome bloke called Terry sat down I wondered why he needed to go speed dating to pull. Turned out he too was at a loose end and fancied a bit of fun.

I decided there and then to give him some and, after a few more drinks, we ended up back at his flat. Normally, I don't mess about, but my boyfriend had left me to go on a lad's holiday and I was pretty sure he'd be chasing some big titted girls around town, so what the hell!

When I first kissed Terry and he slid his hand around my waist in the kitchen, my pussy tingled with excitement, and I slowly undid the buttons of his shirt, slipping my hand over his toned, hairy chest. His tongue thrust into my mouth as he pulled me close and the bulge of his hardening dick pressed against my crotch, making my cunt tingle even more. I eased open his trousers and delved inside his pants, enveloping his growing cock with my fingers as he undid by blouse and flicked the clasp on my bra.

My tits aren't particularly big but they're firm and the nipples get really swollen when I'm turned on, and boy, was I turned on now as Terry bent his head and sucked one juicy teat into his mouth. I dragged his prick clear and slowly began to masturbate the shaft until he was rigid in my hand. It was bigger than my boyfriend's and I must admit I couldn't wait to get it inside my aiready wet twat. We moved over to the settee, Terry kicking off his trousers as we did. I wriggled my skirt up to my waist so he could see my black stocking tops

and pink satin panties. Dropping to his knees, Terry plunged his head between my thighs and started to suck on my pussy, I spread my legs as my new lover attempted to poke his tongue into the entrance of my still covered slit. Terry's hands reached up and gripped my boobs, tweaking the nipples as he continued to slurp on my sodden knickers. Yanking down my wet undies, Terry clambered between my quivering thighs and aimed his twitching prick at the gaping opening to my twat. Shit, I wanted a fuck, so I swirled one finger around in the folds of my fanny like a slut. Terry thrust forward, burying his rock hard dick straight up my slit, making me gasp with lust. I wrapped my stockinged legs around his waist and pulled him into me until his heavy balls slapped against my hole. I didn't want a nice slow screw but a hard frantic fuck, and that's exactly what I got as Terry began to hump me like a wild thing, gripping my arse cheeks and ramming his cock in me hard and fast.

He was so frenzied, we tumbled onto the floor with that lovely prick still wedged in my gash and one of his fingers jammed into my bumhole. Rolling around on the carpet, I bucked and writhed beneath his pumping and plunging dick, mauling my own breasts continued slamming my aching pussy with his thick meat until he groaned loud and long, dragged his glistening shaft from my cunt and climbed up my body so his twat scented meat was no more than an inch from my mouth. I slid my lips over his slippery member and sucked just as he jettisoned his first load of spunk down my throat. I gulped his seed down as he fired round after round into my eager mouth, nearly choking me as he fucked my gob.

We both fell back on the carpet exhausted, panting from our rough hard screw before I cleaned myself off and Terry called me a cab. The memory of that hard fuck still makes me wank like mad when I think of it!

Dear The Lounge,

I fix computers in people's homes for a living, and most of the time it's fairly boring, as you can imagine, but now and again it throws up some moments that make it all worthwhile. I arrived at a posh house on the outskirts of town last week to fix some Internet connection problem for a woman called Sonia and I must say, I wondered if this was my lucky day when she opened the front door. She may have been in her mid to late thirties, but Sonia had obviously looked after herself, as she sure looked hot in her tight tracksuit, with her long blonde hair and ample chest. I got to work on her computer while she went upstairs for a shower, as she'd just been for a log.

I fixed the problem in a few minutes, to be honest, but noticed she had a fi le called 'Smut' on her desktop. Okay, it wasn't very professional I know, but I opened the file and was amazed at what I saw. Basically, it was a collection of photos of Sonia dressed like a tart in stockings and heefs, posing around the house. They were quite tame at first but my cock began to swell as I reached one of Sonia with her legs wide open on the sofa and a big black dildo embedded in gash. The next one had her in the same position but this time the dildo was buried deep in her arse! Fuck, she looked awesome! I sat there staring at the filthy display in front of me, totally unaware that the real thing was standing



behind me in the doorway.
"There are ruder ones than that!" she

suddenly said, scaring the shit out of me. I didn't know what to do and stuttered some apology for looking at her pictures. "I don't mind," Sonia purred, "look at the others if you want?"

I clicked on the next Jpg as Sonia came and stood beside me. I could smell her perfumed shower gel as she placed her hand on my shoulder just as the next image opened. The screen filled with a picture of Sonia on all fours, now with three fingers pushed inside her twat. She was smiling at the camera and you could even see her fanny juices glistening on the parts of her fingers still visible. My dick was rock hard by now but got harder still as Sonia's hand slid down my body to the bulge in my crotch. She gripped my rigid cock through my leans and squeezed it good and hard, her fingers tracing its outline sensually Sonia's dressing gown was gaping open and, as she kneaded my throbbing prick, I could see her large naked breasts swinging invitingly, inches from my face. Sonia clicked the mouse on another picture and I nearly came in my pants as I ogled my companion's spunk-coated face, the tip of a big cock, smeared in jizz, resting against her splattered lips.

I continued to stare as Sonia expertly dragged my meat from my trousers and wanked it gently, pushing her tits towards my face so that I could suck one large, swollen, nipple into my mouth. As I ran my tongue over that lovely, soft, warm flesh, Sonia clicked on another picture. This time it was a close up of some guy slurping on her

sodden cunt. He had a finger in there too and Sonia was pulling the lips of her pussy wide apart so the camera could see right inside her love tunnel. As I strained to see the photo, Sonia knelt beside me and turned the swivel chair slightly so she could get at my twitching shaft.

I sighed as she sucked my knob into her mouth and began to masturbate me at the same time. I groped for her tits and pressed them either side of my balls as she bobbed her head faster and faster up and down my cock. I clicked on one more photo and this one featured the flithy slut Sonia trying to suck on two huge dicks at the same time, her cheeks stretched to bursting so you could actually see the outline of a knob through the taut skin.

At this point Sonia took my whole shaft to the back of her throat and I came. She pulled my cock clear at the last moment and I watched as my seed splashed her face, splattered over her tits and dribbled down her still wanking hand.

As I recovered, I realised I hadn't even kissed the horny Sonia and it turned out I never would!

Sonia was happily married but enjoyed the odd dalliance with strangers. As I climbed into my car after a somewhat hurried goodbye, I did wonder if, even as I drove away, she might be downloading a few new images from some hidden camera of my dick wedged in her mouth?

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PROOF POSITIVE THAT GIRLS TAKE POLE DANCING LESSONS TO GET SOME HOT **GIRLON- GIRL ACTION!**

Last year I took pole dancing lessons, for two reasons - one, it can never do a girl harm to be more sexy and two, it's a great place to pick up like-minded women! But little was I to know that's what our instructor thought too... After three or four lessons I was getting frustrated at the lack of after-class pussy

I went one more time for one last throw of the dice.

As usual, by the end of the session I was as horny as a rosebush; my pussy damp from all the sexy dancing I'd been watching and spread wide from rubbing it up and down the pole.

My teacher, Katle, had been giving me plenty of encouragement - she seemed about the only woman there who was interested in me eating action and thinking of jacking it in, but - doing my thing and as the lesson ended I'd

that I wouldn't be coming back next week. "Susy, can I see you after class?" Katie said as we wrapped it up. "You didn't look like you were having a good time out there," she went on after everyone e se had left. "Do you want to talk about it?"

There was something about the way she looked at me when she asked that last question that made me stop for a second -



was she coming on to me? Was I about to go home with the instructor and her seriously toned body?

Was she going to wrap those fuscious thighs round my head and grind her pussy into my mouth? I hoped so, so I said, "Yes. She we go for a drink?"

"No need to go anywhere, I have a bottle of vodka in my bag and there's a coke machine over there. We have this place to ourselves for another two hours..."

She was definitely coming onto me! Excellent, I thought, I am going to get some pussy out of this after all!

Katle broke open the vocka and I got some : cans of coke out of the machine and we kept :

topping them up with a bit more vodka after every sip. Katle said I should go through my routine one more time for her so she could see exactly where it was she thought I looked most unhappy. It sounded totally ridiculous, but knowing that she wanted me had already made me a hell of a lot happier and this was my chance to turn her on some more. I stuck my CD in the stereo and took up my position in front of the pole, with Katle sitting cross-legged right in front of me. Giving her my sexiest look as the music started, I turned my back on her and wrapped a leg round the pole, leaning over backwards to drape my hair down to the ground.

Suddenly she was right beside me, one hand !

Flicking her tongue over my clitty, she fucked me with each thumb, pumping them in and out alternately, pulling my hole open, grinding them around against each other."

under my thigh, the other on my back.
"I can see where you're going wrong already," she whispered. "You need to relax more. Try it, relax your body some more. Don't worry, I won't let you fall."

I let myseif go a little bit – I was now leaning back like we were dancing together and Katle was running her hand up my thigh, her mouth inching closer to mine. Then she kissed me, eyes wide open, her tongue exploring my willing mouth.

Coming off the pole, Katie lay me down on the soft floor beneath and lay down beside me, her hand holding my head, the other still stroking my thigh, her fingers edging closer to my pussy.

"I've watched you closely since the day you first arrived," she confessed. "But I wasn't sure until today what you came here looking for, Now I am."

Then she kissed me again and her hand found my pussy, hidden inside a leotard and leggings. Her fingers deftly rubbed my cunt through the lycra finding, my clit easily and tickling me until I was wet with desire. I reached behind her head and pulled her deeper into my mouth, letting her know that she was right – I'd come here to eat pussy. My hands began to work on their own, exploring the contours of Katie's amazing body – it was so curvy! I wanted to strip her and eat her whole, to devour her. But most of ail, I wanted to taste her snatch.

She sat up and smiled at me. "Why don't we take off those clothes of yours?" she said, pulling the straps of my leotard down over my shoulders and exposing my breasts. She sucked and licked my nipples for a while, her hand still deftiy stroking my pussy until I couldn't stand it any longer and stood up in front of her, watching her as she pulled down my leotard completely and slowly rolled my leggings down to reveal my shaven, naked pussy, aiready gaping open from all her attentions and ready for more.

I kicked them off and stood over her, toying with my own clit and breathing deeply. Katie knelt in front of me and began to kiss my stomach and thighs, working her tongue



close to my cunt. I spread my feet wider, wanting to feel her tongue on my snatch. Turning me round, Katte told me bend over and I held onto the pole for support, opening my legs wide enough to give her room. Her fingers ran over my cunt, spreading my juice and rubbing it into my clit. Then her tongue followed suit, licking me from my clit

She slowly rolled my leggings down to reveal my shaven, naked pussy, already gaping open from all her attentions and ready for more."

to my hole. She spread my cheeks apart and buried her tongue as deep inside me as she could get it, winding it round and around and sending shivers of ecstasy through my body. I looked down to see her stand up, and she ran her hand up my thigh and slid two fingers inside my cunt, gripping my buttock with her thumb and paim. "You have very well-toned buttocks," she said, kneading them roughly. Slapping me on the arse, she pulled me gently up and we kissed long and hard as I wrestled her out of her ciothes.

Katie's body was incredible, she was a mix of curves and toned muscle – I wanted to fuck her brains out!

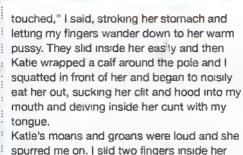
"You have the most amazing body I've ever











Katie's moans and groans were loud and she spurred me on. I stid two fingers inside her and fucked her hard with them, licking and nuzzling her clit, knowing from the amount of noise she was making that she was close to orgasm. When she came, I had four fingers up her pussy and was grinding my thumb against her arsehole, my tongue pressed firmly against her clit.

"You don't know how long I've wanted to come on your face," she said when she had caimed down.

"About as long as I've been coming here?"
I laughingly asked. "I know because I've been wanting some pussy eating action myself since the day I first turned up!"

"So now it's your turn. How do you want it?"

Asked Katie. I lay back down on the mat and spread my legs good and wide.

"I want your fingers up my cunt and your tongue on my clit," I said as Katie knelt between my thighs. I wrapped my legs around her head and bucked against her attentions.

Instead of fingering me, Katie held my arse cheeks and sid both her thumbs up my hole. Flicking her tongue over my clitty, she fucked me with each thumb, pumping them in and out alternately, pulling my hole open, grinding them around against each other – it was amazing! She had me so turned-on I had to reach back and grab hold of the pole for support, pulling back on it to give me more room to thrust my cunt back into her face. And that's how I came, grinding my pussy into her face, pulling hard on the pole behind me, whimpering through an orgasm I'd been warting weeks for!

Of course, I've been going back every week, and now I get special one-on-one essons after class. Strange how I'm still not a great pole dancer, though...













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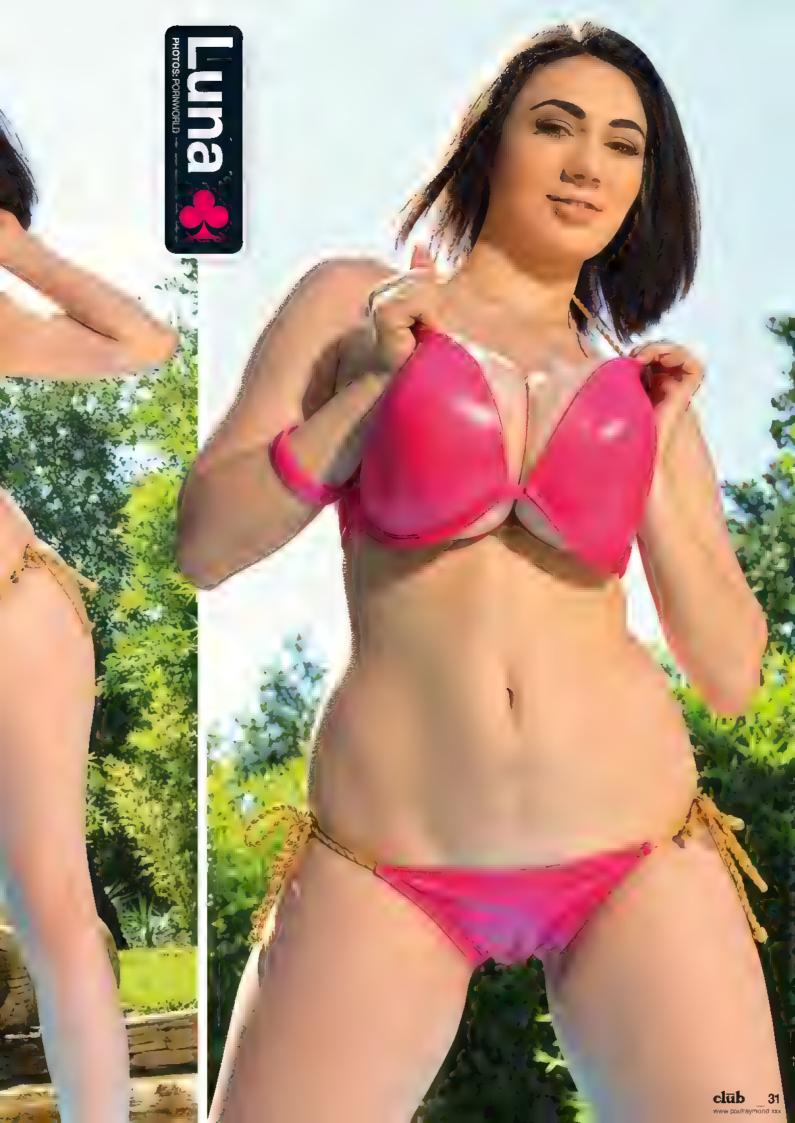












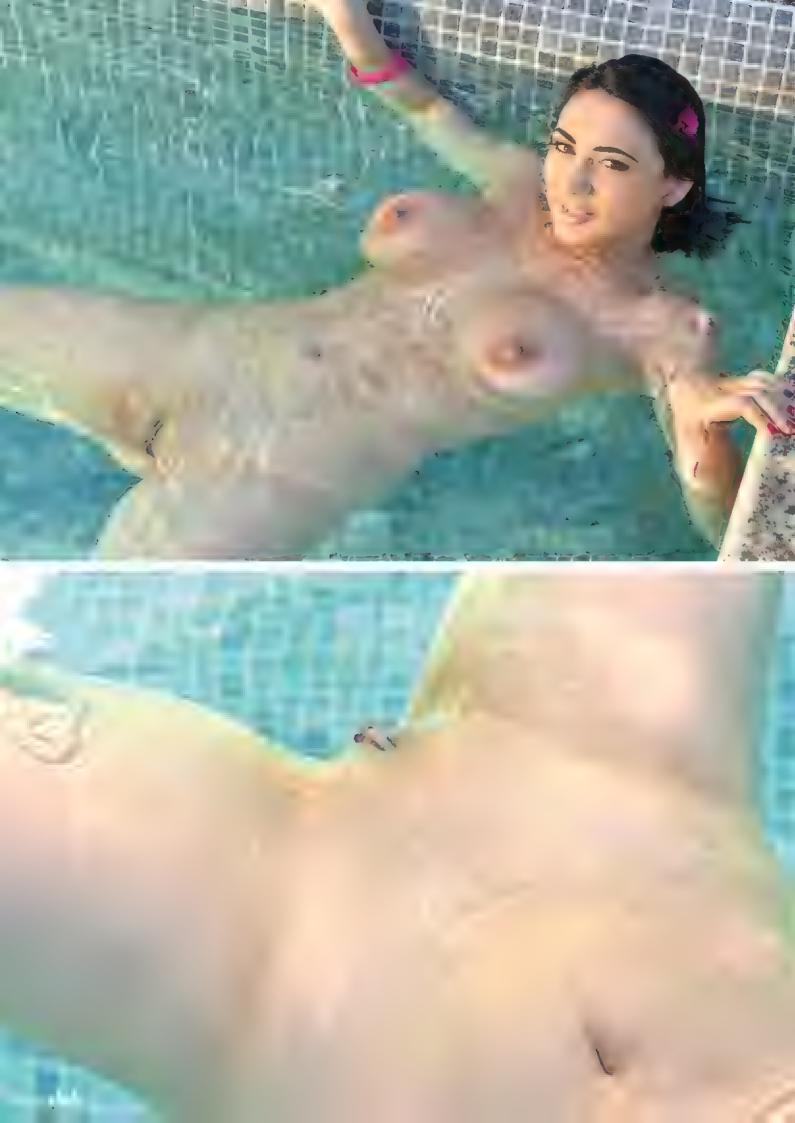




























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Sarah 5'10 tall with an incredible 34 inch inside leg!! She has 36c bust and has dark short hair Sarah enjoys fairly open relationships but likes to keep her private life very discreet, she is looking to meet a guy for some regular no strings fun....xxx

SARAH: 09096 568 243



jJulia I am the original blonde bombshell. I'm told I have the most amazing boobs and sensitive nipples! I'm looking for a discreet clean guy who will keep me entertained day or night. No time wasters please. I'm happy to travel or can acomm if it helps. Get in touch soon xx

JULIA: 09096 568 248



Holly is a 35 year old bombshell she has long blonde hair and a very curvy figure. Holly can travel or accommodate and is looking for a gentlemen to explore her fantasies with, she is very broad minded and extremely playful!!

HOLLY: 09096 568 238



Becky is a 40 year old single curvy blonde she 5'2 and is a wacky fun easy going lady who is looking for like minded guy's for adult fun. Becky has lots of spare time and is willing to travel, she loves to keep fit and enjoys going to dance classes xxxx

BECKY: 09096 568 240



Ange is 36 years old, size 12 with 34 dd bust. Works full time as a secretary. Looking for adult discreet fun. Enjoys eating out and dancing She loves getting dressed up for a night out!!! Stockings, suspenders and knee high boots! ...

ANGE: 09096 568 239



Lily is a 42 year old lady, she has dark shoulder length brown and is sexy slim figure. Lily's partner. works permanent nights so is available to meet daytimes or evenings, she loves horse riding, cooking and football! xx

LILY: 09096 568 237

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Continued from Pg. 05

Dear The Lounge,

My name is Mark, I'm 36 years old and divorced. The other evening, my son had a few friends of his round at my house. And one girl in particular caught my attention - an attractive brunette of about 19 years old, with ong brown hair and a petite, busty build. The following afternoon, I was in on my own when the doorbeil rang. I was surprised when I opened the door to see, standing there, the giri who'd caught my eye the previous night. "Hi," she smiled. "I'm Fiona. Did I, by any chance, leave my mobile here last night?" she asked. And indeed she had.

Welcoming her in and taking her coat, I was thrilled to see that Flona was dressed like a slut in a red PVC miniskirt, black stockings, shiny black high heels and a bulging, black PVC bra top. Naturally, my cock started to stiffen up as I eyed her gorgeous legs and shapely young body.

"Thanks," Fiona giggled as I handed her the phone, giving me a look that said more than a thousand words ever could.

"Fancy a cuppa?" I managed to say, despite my face having turned bright red as I realised Fiona was well aware of the swelling in my

"I caught you looking at me last night," Fiona smiled sluttily. "I hope you didn't have a wank over me and empty your balls of spunk, you naughty boy, as I'd love to play with your hard cock and make you come myself." I was left speechless as Fiona brushed her hand over the front of my jeans, rubbing my hard on and tracing the outline of my dick through the rough material.

"Forget the tea," granned the sexy little strumpet, "let me drink from your dick." With that, she lifted off my T-shirt and ran her hands over my body. Kneeling in front of me, Fiona's nimble fingers quickly undid my flies. She pured down my trousers and boxers, making my throbbing erection spring out in her face.

"Lovely cock," she murmured as she gently wanked me off and squeezed my bails. I gasped as flithy Fiona swirled her warm. wet tongue over the swollen purple helmet of my pulsing cock and licked up and down the length of my throbbing, veiny shaft, murmuring her pleasure, enjoying the taste of my man meat.

Taking my cock into her mouth, she vigorously slid her lips up and down my straining knob. As she sucked eagerly on the bulbous head of my cock, she tugged the base of my shaft, while I ran my fingers through her long brown hair and held the back of her head.

Within a couple of minutes, Flona's expert sucking and wanking had brought me to my amit. "I'm going to come, Fiona," I yelled. Fiona looked me straight in the eye as she greedity gobbled my dick, silently urging me to fi nish off in her mouth. A second later, I groaned as my cock twitched and exploded between Fiona's lips, flooding her hungry

throat with a full load of hot, creamy spunk. "Mmm," purred the saucy minx as she greefully swallowed my cock jam. Puting my spasming dick out of her mouth, more sperm jetted out of my penis and splattered onto Fiona's face and neck.

"Yes, oh yes, that's it," said the dirty young siut, "Shoot your delicious come all over me," and she squeezed the bell end of my wilting prick and licked my sticky cock clean, milking it for all the jizz she could tease free

and rubbing it around her mouth, behaving like a total and utter slut. "Now, you naughty boy," said Fiona as she scooped my sticky white come from her face and licked it off her fingers, "it's bed time for you and me."

Taking my hand, she led me upstairs to my bedroom, her firm arse wiggling around in front of my face like two meions in a sack race. As we climbed the stars, I could see where the tops of her raunchy black stockings met her naked, milky white thighs. I couldn't resist supping a hand under Fiona's miniskirt and squeezing and fondling her taut burn cheeks, making her giggle and sigh in de ight as I touched her up and stroked her slit

In my bedroom, Fiona unclipped

black PVC bra, altowing her firm, round tits to spill out. Next she unzipped and dropped her red PVC miniskirt, and finally she peeled off her skimpy black panties to bare her shaven pink pussy. Naked, except for her siky black stockings, Fiona lay back on my bed with her legs wide open, fully exposing her fleshy pink cunt to me.

"Come and play with me," Fiona said sexily, urging me to join her on the bed with her big, sexy eyes. Cupping her ripe young tits in my hands. I licked and sucked her erect pink ruppies as she laughed and gasped, encouraging me to go further when

I tweaked her nipples roughly between finger

Moving down her lithe young body, I slid a hand between her thighs and finger fucked her wet, juicy cunt.

Fiona moaned as I roughly poked my fingers in and out of her hot hote, working them rhythmically and loving the way her juices spread out over my fingers and thumb until my hand was drenched in pussy goo - I tickled her clit with my thumb, making her writhe in ecstasy as she came all over my

"Taste my pussy, Mark," urged Fiona. "Be good to me and lick my cunt out," she begged. Pushing my face between her legs, I poked my tongue inside her tasty pink slit and lapped at her swollen clit. Fional

orgasmed quickly, wailing and thrashing about on the bed as I licked her juicy twat to several powerfut climaxes, drenching my face in her girlie come. Wrapping her stocking clad legs around my hips, I pressed the head of my hard again cock against her soaking pussy lips.

"Put it in me," screamed Fiona, "Ram your monster cock right in - fuck me as hard as you can!"

I drove my rock hard shaft all the way up



her tight, young pussy hole, stretching her fanny walls wide open. I fucked the horny little tart with hard, fast strokes, pumping my cock in and out of her soaking wet fanny.

Fiona locked her arms and legs tighter around my body to get my rock hard prick as deep inside her cunt as possible. "Oh yes, yes, give it to me!" she screamed.

"Fuck me harder!"

Minutes later, Flona squealed as my cock erupted, pumping her cunt full of hot, sticky spunk. As I pulled out of her pussy, more creamy white jizz fired onto her sodden pussy lips. Pushing my cock into her face, Flona licked and sucked my sticky prick clean, eagerly lapping up what was left of my come. We lay haked in bed for a while before Fiona got dressed again.

Since that afternoon, sex mad Fiona has been coming round to my house at least once a week for hard, steamy shagging sessions with me, and, as you can imagine, I'm having the time of my life bedding the horny 19-year-old slut!





















































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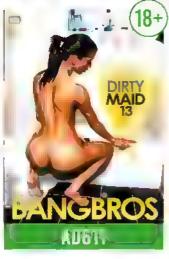
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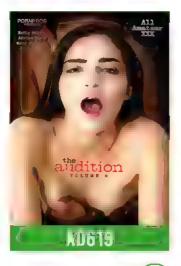
























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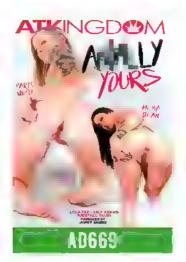




















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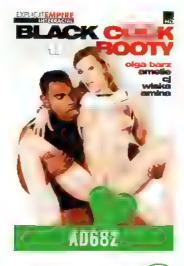




























































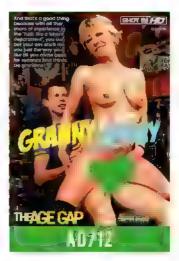














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Pedelle

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y boyfriend is in the Navy. That means that I spend an awfur lot of time on my own – and because I've promised to be faithful I have to find other ways to amuse myself. I think you can probably guess that that means.

I masturbate. A lot. Sometimes I'm so excited, so desperate for a fuck that I can cum so quickly I barely have time to think about anything or anyone – usually if I'm in the shower in the morning feeling the hot stream of water running over my pussy. I'm just so horny that that's all I need.

But when I've got the time – when I'm lying in bed alone on a Saturday morning – there are plenty of things that I think about. I can always tell when I need to touch myself because the ache in my fanny gets unbearable. I wake in the morning to find I've been dreaming about stiff cocks all night and I'm already wet between my legs. And I know exactly what I'm about to imagine.

Normally when he's away I fly out to a port to see him. Sometimes they have parties for the locals on the submarine, and the crew have to be wearing their uniforms – if it's somewhere hot, then they'll be kitted out in sexy white outfits. When I get turned on, I can't heip thinking about these even ngs.

Patrick is an officer, so he has to talk to all the guests and leaves me to talk to the other sail-ors. I always dress up – not tarty, but still showing my body off – low cut tops, tight trousers that stop at the hip, so that if I bent over you'd just be able to catch sight of the triangle of my G-string.

While he's making conversation, I get chatting to all the young lads, who I know just can't take their eyes off my arse and breasts. When I think about them looking at me, my snatch gets wet instantly and Like to imagine what they could be doing to me if they were able to fuck one of the officer's ginfriends. The more I think about it, alone in my bed, the easier I find I can slip my fingers into my pussy. But the best bit is what happens next. It gets to-wards the end of the evening, and Patrick is looking over at me, looking at me like he wants to shag me right there. The party is almost over, and the sailors are all clearing up, when he grabs me and suggests we go on a little tour of the submarine, and I know he's going to take me to the room at the end of the boat where we won't be disturbed.

As I'm masturbating I'm thinking how large his cock is. He's got his hands all over my tits, reaching down my back to my arse, sticking whatever he can into me. I imagine when I'm wanking that he's about to be inside me any minute, and my fingers are rubbing at my clit, my body writhing against my hand. Then he's bending down, pulling off my trousers and my top so I'm just standing there in my little lacy thong. He snaps it off and starts sucking at my juicy pussy and I'm spreading my legs apart

for him so he can lick more and more of me.
The thought maxes me so desperate when

The thought makes me so desperate when I'm frigging myself off, my hand isn't enough and I have to slip my vibrator inside me. I'm concentrating on the picture of him pushing me against the wall, so excited he barely has the time to get his massive prick out and start to fuck me.

The shaft of the strapon was two-thirds inside her pussy, and her sphincter tightened just short of my knuckle."

He's banging me really hard when I open my eyes and there at the doorway are the sailors I was chatting up before. I don't know how long they've been standing there but I know it must have been some time because they've got their cocks out and are wanking.

Patrick can't see them, doesn't know that they are there, but I do and the feeing of being watched makes me feel totally dirty.

And now I've got an audience I play up to it, rubbing at my tits, squeezing my own nippies, riding my boyfriend's cock even harder. He doesn't realise why, but he knows I'm so wild that he can't contain himself any more and

while the sailors watch he pulls his cock out and starts to splash his spunk over my tits, my belly, my pussy. And they can't control them-selves either, wanking furiously till they cum as well.

Which is exactly what I'm doing in my bed, pushing my cunt down on the vibrator, furlously rubbing at my clit until I'm screaming even though I'm on my own, my head pounding as my pussy throbs to orgasm. I'm only wishing that they were there, watching me right then

recently started at Uni. My parents were worried about me being away from home as they've always been very protective. And it turns out they were right to be anxious as the first week was more eventful than Lever could have imagined. First. though, I have to confess that I was still a virgin before I came up to college. Despite all those conversations in biology about who would lose their virginity first, it turned out I was pretty far down the list. Which is what happens when your parents pick you up from parties all the time.







societies, but the one thing I was determined to sign up to was getting fucked for the first time.

The best party of the week was the Latin
American night at the student union. I went
along with my girlfriends, all dressed up
like saucy señoritas, and soon the tequila
stammers were going down fast and furiously.
I really fancied one of the second years, Sean,
who was in charge of organising the parties
and I knew he would be working behind the
bar – which meant I was doing all the buying,
all night.

Eventually he wandered over with a couple of tequilas and some lemon. "On the house," he said, and handed me one.

I downed it, and then sucked on the lemon. I'd been told by some geek earlier on that this was a good indication of what you were like giving blowjobs, so I tried to do it as seductively as possible. But I needn't have worned as seconds later Sean had leaned across for a snog. And the feeling in my pussy told me that he would be the first guy to get his cock right inside me.

When we got back to his place, he took total control of the situation and I was in his room and on his bed in a matter of minutes.

But instead of kissing me or reaching for my tits, he knelt down and, pulling my skirt up round my waist, ripped my tights off my



all supposed to joining lots of

smooth thighs. I hardly knew what to expect, I was so inexperienced, but the feel of his mouth biting at my clit through my damp little knickers was unbelievable. And unlike any of the boys I'd got off with before, he knew what he was doing. Then he started to push his fingers inside me. I'd done it to myself often enough, but this was totally different, and I was surprised when they slid straight into my virgin hole. My body started to take over and I was making noises I'd never even heard before.

Then he stopped and I heard his fites being unzipped. And there was his cock in front of my face. It seemed huge, but I couldn't help reaching over to feel its hard length. Even though I was nervous, I started to suck it and was surprised how filthy it felt to have his shaft filling up my mouth.

He was helping me, guiding my hand to his balls, pushing the back of my head so I knew how to take into my mouth, groaning as much as I was. When he pulled his cock out of my mouth I knew what was going to happen. I hadn't told him I was a virgin but I'm sure he knew. But I let myself go with my impulse — which was to be fucked right now.

And then he was there, the tip feeling so big at the entrance to my pure little pussy. But the juices were dripping out of me so fast that he slipped straight in, and the brief sensation of pain soon gave way to something else as my tight muscles adjusted to having something bigger than my fingers inside me. He was screwing me really smoothly and gradually I got used to the movement, wrapping my legs around him, my virgin cunt stretched round his hard shaft. Then he rolled me on top of him and his cock felt so big it was like being split in two. But I was so wet that my fanny just slid up and down him, and he was making me even hotter by sucking at my erect nipples. Then a whole new feeling took over - and before I knew it I was having my first orgasm. As I started to moan with preasure Sean thrust into me even harder and while I was writhing on top of him, wild with my first fuck, he came, filling me with my first ever semen. It was better than I'd ever dreamed.

I guess now I know just why they call it Freshers Week!

eing one of only four girls on my engineering course, the attention I get from the guys in seminars and lectures is nice, but sometimes a little unwanted. Unwanted in the sense that most of them are hardly Zac Efron, and think that because I'm a woman on 'their' course that I must be up for it. When I have to go for one-on-one tutorials with graduates of the course, it's the worst, as they were unable to pull as undergraduates and are still behaving that way! That's why I was so giad that the graduate most recently appointed to me was Ra-chel, a well respected female in the department.

During our first tutorial together we both got distracted as we related stories of the sad blokes who had tried to pull us. And then onto other stories where we'd got the sort of ac-tion we were looking for! We were quite confessional as to some of the naughty things we'd been getting up to, away from the department. Rachel then said, "Yeah, if we were on an Arts course we'd have the best of everything. You know, we'd have loads of trendy good looking lads, and even more women!" As my mind raced to decipher what she meant, she once again read my mind and added, "Have you ever been with a woman?" Feeling a little inade-quate l repned, "No" and

looked a little nervously in her direction. Her confident reply came, "I think it's time you found out.

A wave of excitement rushed over me. As we were sitting next to each other, her hand grasped my thigh, and she used it for support to lower herself onto the floor.

Kneeling down and staring into my eyes, she ran her hands along my thighs and under my skirt. Taking hold of my knickers she ran them down to my ankies, over my shoes and onto the floor. I surprised myself by my instinctive reaction to part my legs and move my burn for ward on the chair.

The moment her tongue made contact with my clit, I could feel my nipp es stiffen through my blouse. Her fingers parted my pussy lips more gently than anyone had ever done, and she began to take long slow strokes of my cunt with the flat of her tongue. I undid my own blouse, freed my breasts from my bra and pinched my nipples hard, while she began to delive her tongue into my







hole.

She lifted my thighs over her shoulders and began to French kiss my pussy, moaning and breathing as she did so. I was helpless to the tip of her tongue, as it began licking my clit forcefully, and my hands reached for the back of her head, forcing her face into my dripping hole.

Virtually lying on my back in the chair, she held the backs of each knee in each hand and, lift-ing my arse higher, began to poke her tongue into my twitching bumhole. With my hands, I spread my cheeks as wide as I could, so she had perfect access to both holes. I was covered in her sal va, as she forced her tongue up my bum, and then siurped her tongue right back round and began working on my clit with a renewed vigour. Letting out an uncontrollable moan, I shuddered to a climax, soaking her mouth with my juices. She clamped her lips around my fanny until I was totally satisfied

I was also more than glad to return the favour, but instead she reached over for her bag and pulled out what I initially thought was just a dildo, but turned out to be a strapon It was then that I real sed that this wasn't quite as spontaneous as I had thought. Still, I was de-termined to give her what she wanted after what I'd received.

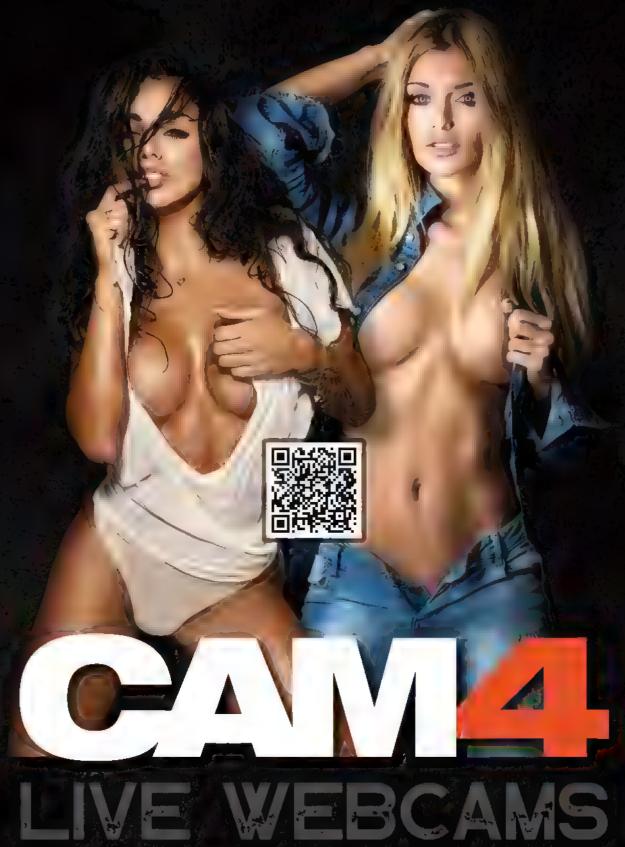
As I strapped it on, she merely hitched up her denim skirt, got on all fours and pulled her G-string aside and over the cheek of her arse. She was soaking wet, and I slipped deep inside easily and held her shoulders as I bucked away. She was spreading her pussy and rubbing her clit as I rode her. She then commanded, "Put your finger in my arse!"

The shaft of the strap-on was two-thirds inside her pussy, and her sphincter tightened just short of my knuckle. Holding her long hair with my other hand, she had no choice but to succumb to the pleasure in each hole, and the touch of her own fingers. Her pussy wid-ened, and I sunk further in, as she began screaming "I'm fucking cumming!" The plastic shaft slickened with her juices as she moaned her appreciation.

Getting her composure back, she supped off me, wrapped her arms around me, and kissed me full on the lips. We lay there snogging for a good fifteen minutes before returning to her place to carry on. As you can imagine, this is still carrying on, and just like the rest of the de-partment, she has my full respect – just for different reasons!

When he pulled his cock out of my mouth I knew what was going to happen. I hadn't told him I was a virgin but I'm sure he knew."





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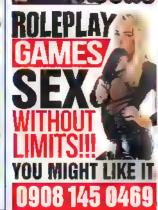














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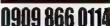


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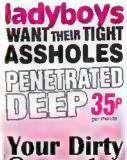














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Crazy movie trivia that can't possibly be true, but they are....

WANTHE





Stephen King sold the rights to his novella Shawshank Redemption for \$5000 to Frank Darabont. However, King never cashed that cheque. In fact, he was so pleased with the film that he had the cheque framed and mailed back to Darabont. There was a note attached, saying: "In case you ever need bail money. Love, Steve."

Actor Roy Scheider ad-libbed the line throughout filming, but the one kept in the final cut became one of the most remembered movie quotes of all time.

The dog Toto was paid more than the Munchkins in The Wizard of Oz. The Munchkin actors received \$50 a

week - which was a good wage at the time - while the mutt earned a very impressive \$125 a week.

While filming Rocy IV, Sylvester Stallone asked Dolph Lundgren to try and knock him out for real. Lundgren hit him so hard that he was sent to the hospital



and was in ICU for 9 days! This would have comfortably been the most notable mishap of Stallone's entire career if it wasn't for The Expendables. a project that included a fight scene opposite 'Stone Cold' Steve Austin, who ended up breaking Sly's neck. It did such a number on his body and after countless operations he's never been the same!



In Thor: Ragnarok, the "He's a friend from work!" line was actually improvised by a kidfrom Make-a-Wish who was visiting the set that day. Hesaid, "You know, you should say, 'He's a friend from

work!" Everyone loved the suggestion, and the rest was history.

RED, OR BLUE PILL?



Those green symbols trailing down in The Matrix aren't complicated algorithms. A production designer scanned symbols from his wife's sushi cookbooks, then: manipulated them: to create the iconic "code."

CUTE CHILD!

In Home Alone, that picture of Buzz's girlfriend was actually a picture of the art director's son wearing a wig.



BLOOD MONE

In Hostel, writer-director Eli Rothi came up with the premise for the film after discovering a Thai website

where people can pay to torture and kill another human. It cost a mere \$10,000 to shoot someone in the head!

NOTHER FUCKER!!!

Jules' wallet in Pulp Fiction that reads "Bad #&\$&*@\$" actually belonged to the director—who picked it up because of its reference to the 1971 film Shaft. As it happened, Samuel L. Jackson would go on to play the character that inspired the wallet in the 2000 remake of Shaft,

First of all, the line was "You're gonna need a bigger boat," not "we're," as it's often misquoted. The line wasn't in the original script but was an inside joke among the Jaws crew, teasing the stingy producers for picking a support boat that was too small. to hold the filming equipment.



MOTHER FUCKER!!!

In Die Hard, Bruce Willis's role was actually offered to Frank Sinatra first. Sinatra was contractually obligated to get first dibs because he starred in the film's prequel (The Detective) in 1968. He was 73 at the time, so he graciously turned down the role,





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